Supernatural; Lucifer/Crowley; "I wanna keep you alive so there's always the possibility of murder later." (Recoil, "Want")

R, a dark nasty ficlet where I am vicious to Crowley. It's set between Crowley's season five appearances, and assumes that Lucifer caught him at one point.

Oct. 19th, 2010 08:14 am (UTC)

"Did you truly believe I wouldn't know where you were? That I wouldn't know of your little plan to kill me?" Lucifer's voice is a low hiss, low enough that Crowley can *hear* it when Lucifer pulls his hand free from Crowley's chest.

Crowley can't stop the whimper that the pain starts.

Lucifer shakes off his hand, flecks of bone and blood spattering onto Crowley's utterly ruined suit. (Distantly Crowley wishes that his tailor wasn't dead, that he hadn't been dragged into the line of fire, most of all that his tailor hadn't chosen that day to come by with his newest suits.)

Lucifer rests a gentle finger on Crowley's lips, and if Crowley's lungs were working he would speak.

"You did believe that you were crafty enough, Crowley. I admire your arrogance," Lucifer laughs, and he spreads his fingers, showing Crowley his bloody palm. "I am going to take a rib. Just one. Then, my poor misguided child, I will heal you."

There is the sound of flesh being torn, the cracking of bones, and a pain that Crowley fears will never leave, so intense and hot that he cannot try a scream without air.

Lucifer holds the rib in his bloodied hands, and Crowley, in his pain, notices that Lucifer's sleeves are rolled back. It's the stupidest detail to fixate on, but the bone in Lucifer's hand is white and clean and Crowley doesn't want to realize that it's clean because Lucifer is keeping it clean.

Crowley tries to scream again, wanting to release himself from this vessel and depart, but nothing demonic can surpass Lucifer's power, and he is bound to this destroyed form.

All he can think is that he is never going to get the blood out of his socks, let alone the shoes.

And then Lucifer is close, too close, kissing him, and that is not what Crowley was expecting. But the pain is gone, and he is healed and whole but not clean. The only reminders that he was in pieces a moment ago are the blood stains and the dull ache in his chest where his rib was.

Lucifer steps back, tucking the rib into a pocket. "I'll keep this. Consider it a

leash."

And the bonds on Crowley are gone, and he is struggling to remain standing, mind insisting that he needs to collapse and expire on the spot, body insisting that it is fine, just sore in spots.

Lucifer steadies him with a hand on his shoulder, and Crowley struggles to speak.

"I'm not dead?" It's stupid, it's the stupidest thing he could have said, but it's what he was expecting. That or eternal torment, and being entirely healed isn't eternal torment.

"I need you to collect a vessel for me." Lucifer is smiling. "You may even try to kill me again."

It's too good to be true. That's all Crowley can think.

"But it's going to happen, Crowley. It is the quickest way to obtaining Sam Winchester, after all. Just go and help them collect the Horsemen's rings."

Lucifer kisses him again, gentle now. Crowley doesn't even know where to turn. Has the pain driven him mad?

Lucifer chuckles, darkly amused, and he twists his hand and Crowley is gone, gone to a destroyed residence with a sheet of paper in his hand explaining what he 'overheard' with a planted magic coin. It details a spell on finding Death, and where Pestilence's location is at.

His suit is even cleaned and perfect again.

It's almost like he had evaded Hell all along, and had a plan.

Crowley wishes he could believe it, but his chest still hurts, in the spot where his rib should have been.

And Lucifer's kisses are still making his lips burn with traces of Lucifer's power.